

# 8-Dubb's Blend

## Kottonmouth Kings

4 - 2 - 0 - Kottonmouth Kings

Ya know I got 2 states of mind, stoned and asleep  
First I hit the sweetleaf, and then I have nice dreams  
When I get up, I wake and bake, take a piss and shake  
My clock stopped at four-twenty, what you want me to say  
I stay blazed all day, no matter where I'm creepin'  
Hot boxin on your block, and at the spot on the weekends  
You'll see smoke risin', just who could it be  
It's my rhyme and crime partner, d. dash l. o. c. Yeah that be me born and raised in the suburbs.  
Faded off the bud smoke blowin it at you nerds thanks johnny richter for your nice little hand  
Off

I got some purple kush  
Did you bring the sand box?  
Let's bounce some bud so we can make a little keefe  
Spice up the leaf before we smoke the tree  
Everybody in the scene  
Know we blow the most dosha  
That way they label up the kottonmouth solders. we got all types at 4-2-0 yeah our clocks is always altered- we  
talkin pounds these

Anti-hero's are just here to serve you proper roll that shit up so leave those blessings right  
Up here upon the alter pass it around at 4-2-0 everybody's burnin ganja You'll catch me at the smoke-out  
smoked out, dropping drinks  
Havin a blast, not givin a fuck, doin my thing  
Blowing rings through the crowd, being loud and obnoxious  
Now the shots I did with pak got me feelin' kind of nauseous  
But I played it cool and pulled a few snapps  
Big fat packed bowls, and had a chicken caesar wrap  
Dippin through the whole place, no where else I'd rather be  
Then smokin' weed with my peeps, now I pass it to d.24.7 everyday every minute everybody every stoner grab  
your bud keep composer beer drinkers,  
Pill poppers, acid heads and freaks

All the creatures in the street heroin addicts and geeks  
Kottonmouth signed a one way contract to see the world and smoke the killa chromic it's four  
Two o and I blow endow. we got all types at 4-2-0 yeah our clocks is always altered- we talkin pounds these  
Anti-hero's are just here to serve you proper roll that shit up so leave those blessings right  
Up here upon the alter pass it around at 4-2-0 everybody's burnin ganja Now you might see me on a mission  
searchin for double-vision  
And I ain't no mathematician, more like a stoney musician  
But I get a little help from my friends when in need

Hit the bubble, fuck, double, now I'm seein in three's  
All these hours and days inter-face with the planet with  
bubbles and bells the kush is orgasmic

I transplant my mental to truly titanic fanatic levels for all you bud fiending addict the  
Session begins right upstairs in my addict we bless it we roll it we take it and pass it the  
Next time you see us don't take us for granted we're all getting lifted just the way that we  
Planned it we got all types at 4-2-0 yeah our clocks is always altered- we talkin pounds these  
Anti-hero's are just here to serve you proper roll that shit up so leave those blessings right  
Up here upon the alter pass it around at 4-2-0 everybody's burnin ganja

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